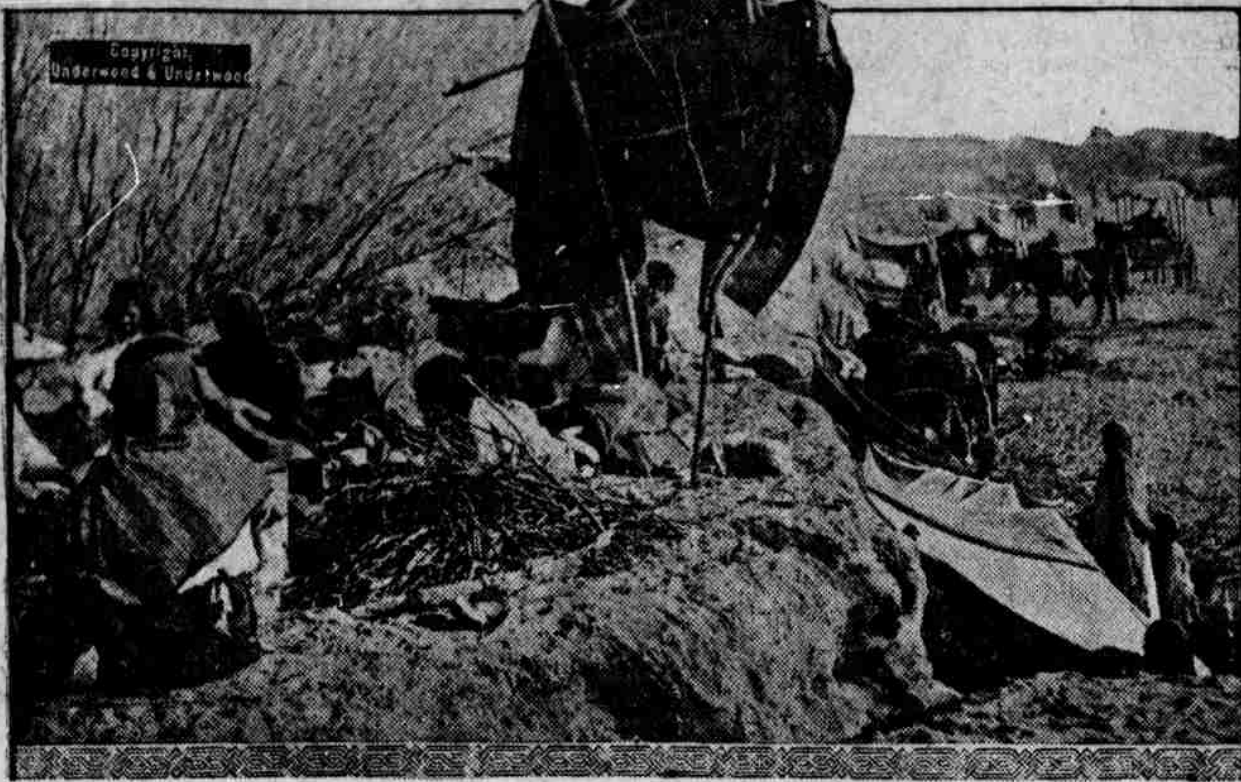


REFUGEE CAMP FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN



Most of the non-combatant refugees from Ojinaga who crossed the Rio Grande to the United States were women and children. One of their improvised camps is shown in this photograph.

COMMISSION OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE



Instead of being headed by one man, as was the case previous to this administration, the United States reclamation service is now directed by a commission of five men appointed by Secretary of the Interior Lane. This picture shows the entire commission in session. Left to right around the table are: Arthur P. Davis, chief engineer; W. A. Ryan, controller; I. D. O'Donnell, supervisor of irrigation; Judge Will R. King, chief counsel; F. H. Newell, director and chairman of the commission, and Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane.

WINTER SCULPTURE IN SWITZERLAND



Here is a creation in snow and ice representing the "Lady on the Bear of Davos," which is almost worthy of a place with famous sculpture in marble. It is the work of a sculptor visiting Switzerland, where the season of winter sports is now at its height. Attractive prizes offered for the best work in snow and ice resulted in this realistic work of art.

WOMAN IN MAYOR MITCHEL'S CABINET



B. Davis, New York city's new commissioner of correction, deputy commissioner. Miss Davis is the first woman to be in the cabinet of a mayor of New York. Until appointed by Mayor Mitchell, she was superintendent of the Bedford Reformatory for Girls.

MISS ETHEL LEWIS ROSE



Miss Rose, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wickliffe Rose of Washington, is one of the season's attractive debutantes. The family formerly lived in Nashville, Tenn.

Filled Up on "Biscuits."
A half loaf, we are told, is better than no bread, but Professor L. P. Breckinridge of Yale university was telling the Engineers' club yesterday of a case where it was a whole loaf or nothing. He told the story on his brother.
"My brother," said Professor Breckinridge, "when young, was fond of visiting a neighboring family named Simmons, who, with true Kentucky hospitality, invited him to stay to dinner. One night he came home quite gorged.
"Paw," he said, "what big biscuits they have over at the Simmonses."
"Son, you don't mean to tell me that you took a whole one?"
"I ate five of 'em, paw."
"Son, those weren't biscuits; they were loaves of bread."

Fighting Forest Fires.
Ammonia bombs are being used in some of the national forests in this country to extinguish forest fires, especially in connection with brush fires, where the fire fighters cannot get near enough to the burning area to beat out the flames. It is said that each well-placed ammonia bomb will extinguish fire in a circle of about five yards in diameter.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Funny Newspaper Article Traps Hungry Vagrant

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Dawn was breaking and the streets were very still as Policeman McCarte proceeded along his beat on Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore street. At midnight, five hours before, when Policeman McCarte, having just reported for duty stood in line with his fellow patrolmen in the assembly room of the Bush street police station, the lieutenant instructed the watch to be particularly on the look out for milk and paper thieves.

Policeman McCarte suddenly remembered the warning of his superior officer as he was gazing at the reddening sky over Oakland and he heard a hearty peal of laughter issuing from some point halfway down the block.

Hearty laughter at dawn when the laughter is not of a maudlin character is an extraordinary phenomenon. This laughter had the tone of sobriety, of appreciation and seemed to proceed from a mirth that bubbled up like a mountain spring in the winter season.

McCarte pulled himself together quickly and hastened down the block on tiptoe to investigate.

In the middle of the square he found a remarkably dirty, bewhiskered tatterdemalion seated coolly on the front steps of a residence reading the morning paper which he had picked up from the doorstep and chuckling continually as he read. The vagrant made quite a picture. In his right hand he held a bottle of milk which he had half emptied and which from time to time he would place to his lips and take a luxurious sip of the beverage.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the vagrant arriving at another funny point in the article, then gazing upward, magnetized no doubt by McCarte's scrutiny and seeing no mirth in the eyes of McCarte's, "Come wit you!" said he, as if McCarte had spoken when as a matter of fact the latter had so far uttered not a word, "Wy sure. Wait'll I finish dis here milk. De loidy wibent use wot's in de bottle now, anyway. Say, afore we go chust pipe dis here article, will yer?"

Five hours later the newspaper was Exhibit No. 1 in the case before Police Judge Sullivan, wherein the vagrant was charged with petty larceny.

Gift From Budapest Puzzles St. Louis Officials

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Some kind friend has sent the secretary of the city council copies of the Budapest Szekes fvaros-Kozigazgatasi Evkoyve and the Adatok Ajarwanys Belegsegek Es Az Ovitvezkesdeseki Kerdeshesz-Kulonos Tekentettel A voshenye. Secretary David W. Voyles is vehemently demanding explanations from somebody. The package looked innocent enough and purported to come from Washington, D. C. The only thing Voyles is right certain about is that the things are books. They open and shut, have covers, and the pages are numbered. Otherwise—

Anyway, the council members refuse to become interested in them. No one has discovered a single line that looks as if it might refer to the free bridge or the billboard ordinance. So far as can be told, there is no reference to the high price of butter and eggs.

Every man who has tried to pronounce a word in the volumes has sprained his tongue. Opinions are divided as to just what the language is in which they are written. Magyar, Sanscrit, Turkish and plain Bohemian are some of the suggestions, with all indications favoring the latter guess. Whatever the books may contain they were written by a Dr. Thirring Gustav of Budapest, who did not spare words.

Here is a sample passage:
Az ekkent megallapított koltsegetest, valamint a kozsegi adopotlek kulosanak folemeleset a belugyminiszter ur 1908. evi aprilis 30-an kelt 54.467 III. sz. a. kelt leirataval hagyta joval, amelyben azonban kiemelt annak szuksegessaget, hogy az eddigre a kolsconyvezkesekbol fodozott, voltakppen azonban a rendes evi kezeles terhet kepzett osszegek reszletekben visszateritessenk, valamint hogy az lor nem latott reszkivuli kiadasok fejezete megfelelően javadalmaztassek.

Voyles is considering giving the books to the janitor.

This City Cow Qualifies as a First-Class Militant

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Special Policeman James Boyd of East Pittsburgh doesn't want a job as a cowboy. There's nothing to it! He couldn't qualify. He tried the other day and failed.

Came to the ears of the East Pittsburgh police the story that a stray cow was in the Brinton district and that foreigners were putting a crimp in the dairyman's receipts by milking bossy by turns. Boyd was sent to investigate.

He found the cow—easily. But taking her back one mile to the police station—well, that's another story. Here 'tis:

Boyd hobbled Bossy so that she could not run away—he thought. He then tied a rope to her horns and the other end about his waist. They started well, but in crossing the Pennsylvania railroad at Braddock avenue the cow fell in the middle of the track. Boyd heard a passenger train approaching and the cow lay on the track. He was still tied to the cow. By an almost superhuman effort Boyd dragged the animal from the track just as the flyer whizzed by. Once across the track, the cow was relieved of her hobble.

All went well until the Pennsylvania railroad arch bridge was reached. Here the cow refused to move from a spot under the bridge and directly in the middle of the single car track. Traffic was tied for half an hour.

It was after noon when Boyd and his "prisoner" arrived at the police station. The cow is under the special care of Burgess Shields until such time as the owner of the animal appears.

Indiana Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses Gone

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—When she was called the other morning, Theirma Long, ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Long, 322 East Georgia street, walked into her mother's bedroom, sleepily rubbing her eyes.

Her mother held up her hands in horror and demanded:

"Why, Theirma, what have you done with your hair?"

The girl hastily put her hands to her head and found instead of the long flowing locks, the pride of the entire household, only short, stubby bristles. She ran to a mirror and burst into tears.

Mrs. Long, believing the disappearance of the hair was due to a childish prank, cajoled and threatened, but Theirma declared that she did not know what had become of the pretty golden-brown tresses, which were 15 inches long and which she had worn when she retired.

A hasty investigation was made and a door leading to the girl's bedroom was found open.

"Burglars!" exclaimed Mrs. Long.

But nothing except the child's hair was missing from the home. Mr. Long called police headquarters, and Detectives Simon and Dugan were sent to investigate. They admitted later that the case had them "stumped." The detectives have something of a reputation as "confessors," but they could not get Miss Long to admit that she knew what had become of her treasured locks.

"I loved them too much," she declared when it was suggested that she had cut them off herself.

To add to the mystery, members of the family declare that a dog which is kept in the house at night had been quiet, and that he surely would have caused a disturbance if thieves had entered.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

Best of All Gifts.

A little boy in a big metropolitan Sunday school listened early while the superintendent talked of missions and urged every one present to contribute to the cause.

"Give what you can, not what you want," he concluded his exhortation. "Give generously and of your best."

Little Joseph, taking the exhortation literally and being penniless, wrote on the slip passed out for depositing in the pledge box:

"Please, sir, I give myself."

BAD CASE OF DANDRUFF

Bissell, Ala.—"I had a very bad case of dandruff on my head. I was tormented by itching and my hair began to come out by the combfuls. I almost became frantic, fearful that I would lose all of my hair which was my pride. There were some pimples on my scalp and I scratched them until they made sores. My hair was dry and lifeless.

"I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent to my druggist for three cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed my scalp with warm water strong with the Cuticura Soap and dried, afterwards applying the Cuticura Ointment, working it in the scalp slowly with my fingers. After using them for several days my hair began to stop coming out. The dandruff all disappeared and in less than four weeks a cure was accomplished permanently." (Signed) Miss Lucy May.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Ad.

Remarkable.
"It is odd that so many eloquent arguments are made about the unwritten law."
"Why so?"
"Because the unwritten law ought to be unspeakable."

What, Again?
"Has your wife gone shopping?"
"Alas, I'm afraid not! I'm afraid she's gone buying."

Philadelphia has three women mill owners.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Logansport, Ind.—"My baby was over a year old and I bloated till I was a burden to myself. I suffered from female trouble so I could not stand on my feet and I felt like millions of needles were pricking me all over. At last my doctor told me that all that would save me was an operation, but this I refused. I told my husband to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I would try it before I would submit to any operation. He did so and I improved right along. I am now doing all my work and feeling fine.



"I hope other suffering women will try your Compound. I will recommend it to all I know."—Mrs. DANIEL B. DAVIS, 110 Franklin St., Logansport, Ind.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.